

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on reuenge, and cease to weepe.
But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this.
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing brest:
But where's the body that I should embrace?
But. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebels
Supplication?

King. He send some holy Bishop to intreat:
For God forbid, so many simple soules
Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe,
Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,
Will parley with *Iacke Cade* their Generall.
But stay, he read it ouer once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this lonely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were vnworthy to behold the same.

King. Lord Say, *Iacke Cade* hath sworne to haue thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall haue his.

King. How now Madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for *Suffolkes* death?
I feare me (*Loue*) if that I had beene dead,
Thou would'st not haue mourn'd so much for me.

Qu. No my Loue, I should not mourne, but dye for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The Rebels are in Southwarke: Fly my Lord:
Iacke Cade proclaimes himselfe Lord *Mortimer*,
Descended from the Duke of *Clarence* house,
And calles your Grace Vsurper, openly,
And vowes to Crowne himselfe in *Westminster*.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of *Hindes* and *Pezants*, rude and mercilesse:
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brothers death,
Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:
All *Schollers*, *Lawyers*, *Courtiers*, *Gentlemen*,
They call false *Catterpillers*, and intend their death.

King. Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*,
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of *Suffolke* now aliue,
These *Kentish* Rebels would be soone appeas'd.

King. Lord Say, the Traitors hateth thee,
Therefore away with vs to *Killingworth*.

Say. So might your Graces person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this City will I stay,
And liue alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. *Iacke Cade* hath gotten *London-bridge*.
The Citizens flye and forsake their houses:
The *Rascall* people, thirsting after prey,
Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyntly sweare
To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

But. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will succor vs.

Qu. My hope is gone, now *Suffolke* is deceast.

King. Farewell my Lord, trust not the *Kentish* Rebels.

But. Trust no body for feare you betraid.

Say. The truth I haue, is in mine innocence,

And therefore am I bold and resolute.

*Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enters
two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now? Is *Iacke Cade* slaine?

1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:
For they haue wonne the Bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them:
The *L. Maior* craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to *Smithfield*, and gather head,
And thither I will send you *Matthew Goffe*.
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Lines,
And so farwell, for I must hence againe.

*Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his
staffe on London stone.*

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And heere sitting vpon *London Stone*,
I charge and command, that of the Cities cost
The pissing Conduit run nothing but *Claret*: Wine
This first yeare of our raigne.
And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any,
That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. *Iacke Cade*, *Iacke Cade*.

Cade. Knocke him downe there.

But. If this Fellow be wise, hee'l neuer call yee *Iacke*
Cade more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.
Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together
in *Smithfield*.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But first, go and set *London Bridge* on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away.

Alarums. *Matthew Goffe* is slaine, and all the rest.
Then enter *Iacke Cade*, with his Company.

Cade. So firs: now go some and pull downe the *Sauoy*:
Others to'th *limes* of Court, downe with them all.

But. I haue a suite vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt haue it for that
word.

But. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out
of your mouth.

John. Masse 'twill be fore Law then, for he was thrust
in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay *John*, it wil be stinking Law, for his breath
stinkes with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I haue thought vpon it, it shall bee so. Away,
burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be
the Parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to haue biting Statutes
Vntill his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall bein Com-
mon.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord Say,
which sold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay
one and twenty Fifteenes and one shilling to the pound,
the last Subsidie.

Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times:
Ah thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou *Buckram* Lord, now
art thou within point-blanke of our Iurisdiction Regall.
What canst thou answer to my Maiesty, for giuing vp of
Normandie vnto *Monsieur Bassineu*, the *Dolphine* of
France? Be it knowne vnto thee by these presence, even
the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beesome
that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou
art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of
the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and where-
before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the
Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd,
and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou
hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be proued to thy Face,
that thou hast men about thee, that vsually talke of a
Noune and a Verbe, and such abominable wordes, as
no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appoint-
ed Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them, a-
bout matters they were not able to answer. Moreover,
thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not
reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for
that cause they haue beene most worthy to liue. Thou
do'st ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?
Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare
a Cloake, when honest men then thou go in their Hofs
and Doublets.

Dicke. And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for ex-
ample, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dic. What say you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks La-
tine.

Say. Heare me but speake, and beare mee where you
will:

Kent, in the Commentaries *Caesar* writ,
Is term'd the ciuel' st place of all this Isle:
Sweet is the Countrey, because full of Riches,
The People Liberall, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

I sold not *Maine*, I lost not *Normandie*,
Yet to recouer them would loose my life:

Iustice with fauour haue I alwayes done,
Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.

When haue I ought exacted at your hands?

Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts haue I bestow'd on learned Clerkes,

Because my Booke prefer'd me to the King,
And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.
Vntill you be posses'd with diuellish Spirits,

You cannot but forbeare to murder me:
This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings

For your behoofe.

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men haue reaching hands: oft haue I struck
Those that I neuer saw, and strucke them dead.

Geo. O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde
Folkes?

Say. These cheekes are pale for watching for your good

Cade. Giue him a box o' th' eare, and that wil make 'em
red againe.

Say. Long
Hath made m
Cade. Ye
of hatchet.

Dicke. W

Say. The

Cade. Nay

euene with you

a pole, or no:

Say. Tell m

Haue I affecte

Are my Chest

Is my Appar

Whom haue I

These hands a

This breast fr

O let me liue.

Cade. I fe

He bridle it: I

well for his li

der his Tongue

him away I fa

breake into h

and strike off

poles hither.

All. It ha

Say. Ah C

God should b

How would i

And therefore

Cade. Aw

proudest Pe

his shoulders

a maid be m

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And we charg

as heart can w

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Cade. Ma

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